

368 SONNETS.  
*PARTHEA<sup>T</sup>OPHIL\J Ly*

SONNET L.



SO WARBLE out your tragic notes of sorrow^  
Black harp of liver-pining Melancholy ! Black  
Humour, patron of my Fancy's folly ! Mere  
follies, which from Fancy's fire, boirow Hot fire ;  
which burns day, night, midnight, and morrow\*  
Long morning which prolongs my sorrows solely,  
And ever overrules my Passions wholly : So that  
my fortune, where it first made sorrow, Shall  
there remain, and ever shall it plow The bowels  
of mine heart; mine heart's hot bowels! And in  
their furrows, sow the Seeds of Love; Which  
thou didst sow, and newly spring up now  
And make me write vain words : no words, but  
Vowels t For nought to me, good Consonant  
would prove.

SONNET LI.



LAME Consonants, of member-Vowels  
robbed 1 What perfect sounding words  
can you compose, Wherein you might my  
sorrow's flame disclose ? Can you frame maimed  
words, as you had throbbd ? Can you with  
sighs, make signs of Passions sobbed ? Or can  
your Characters, make Sorrow's shows ? Can  
Liquids make them? I, with tears make  
those! But for my tears, with taunts and frumps  
are bobbed\* Could Mutes procure good words,  
mute would I be ! But then who should my  
Sorrow's Image paint ? No Consonants, or  
Mutes, or Liquids will Set out my sorrows;  
though, with grief I faint, If with no letter, but  
one Vowel should be; An A, with H, my Sonnet  
would fulfil.